Of all his glory, when he was ſeated in
A Chariot of an ineſtimable value, and his daughter
With him; a fire from heaven came and ſhriveld
Vp thoſe bodies even to loathing, for they ſo ſtunke,
That all thoſe eyes addor'd them ere their fall,
Scorne now their hand ſhould give them buriall.

Eſcanes. It was very ſtrange.

Hell. And yet but juſtice; for though this King were great,
His greatneſſe was no guard to barre heavens ſhaft,
By ſinne had his reward.

Eſcan. Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

1. *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference,
Or counſell, hath reſpect with him but he.

2. *Lord.* It ſhall no longer greeve without reproofe.

3. *Lord.* And curſt be he that will not ſecond it.

1. *Lord.* Follow me then: Lord *Hellicane*, a word.

Hell. With me? and welcome, happy day my Lords.

1. *Lord.* Know that our griefes are riſen to the top.
And now at length they over-flow their bankes.

Hell. Your griefes, for what?
Wrong not your Prince you love.

1. *Lord.* Wrong not your ſelfe then, noble *Hellican*,
But if the Prince doe live, let us ſalute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath:
If in the world he live, wee'l ſeeke him out:
If in his grave he reſt, wee'l finde him there,
And be reſolv'd, he lives to governe us:
Or dead, give's cauſe to morne his Funerall,
And leave us to our free Election.

2. *Lord.* Whoſe death indeed the ſtrongeſt in our cenſure,
And knowing this Kingdome is without a head,
Like goodly buildings left without a Rooſe,
Soone fall to ruine: your noble ſelfe,
That beſt knowes how to rule and how to raigne,
We thus ſubmit unto our Soveraigne,

Omnes.

Omnes. Live noble *Hellica*

Hell. Try honours cauſe; f
If that you love Prince *Peric*
(Take I your wiſh, I leape i
Where's hourely trouble, fo
A twelve-moneth longer, le
To forbeare the abſence of yo
If in which time expirde, he
I ſhall with aged patience b
But if I cannot win you to th
Goe ſearch like Nobles, like
And in your ſearch, ſpend yo
Whom if you finde, and win
You ſhall like Diamonds ſit

1. *Lord.* To wiſedome, he
And ſince Lord *Hellican* enj
We with our travels will en

Hell. Then you love us, w
When Peeres thus knit, a K

Enter the King read
and the K

1. *Knight.* Good morrow

King. Knights, from my
That for this twelve-mont
A married life: her reaſon
Which from her by no mea

2. *Knight* May we not g

King. Faith by no mean
Tyed her to her Chamber,
One twelve Moones more
This by the eye of *Cinthia*
And on her Virgin honou

3. *Knight.* Loth to bid f

King. So, they are well
Now to my daughters Le
Shee'l wed the ſtronger K

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22339) LONDON, 1635 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bu